

NO MAN'S LAND FOR WOMEN

Society IN WASHINGTON

Not until word was received of their safe arrival at their destination was it permitted to announce that the President and Mrs. Wilson had left Washington Wednesday night, to spend a brief vacation as guests of Col. and Mrs. E. M. House, at Magnolia, Mass. They left the White House about 9 o'clock Wednesday evening, accompanied by Admiral Cary T. Grayson, the President's physician and naval aid, and reached Magnolia about twelve hours later, probably to remain over the week-end, chiefly that the President might have a little breathing spell before Congress comes back to work for an indefinite period, and quite possibly that he might talk over with his most trusted advisor, some of the knotty problems that are clamoring for decision and adjustment.

Mrs. Newton D. Baker and Mrs. Herbert Hoover were honor guests at a garden party given last evening at the Collegiate Alumnae Association's headquarters at 250 K street, north-west. The college women employed in the Treasury Department, and in the Ordnance Bureau, who are members of the association were the hostesses of the occasion, of which a song recital by Mrs. Baker was the feature.

Secretary and Mrs. Baker are planning to motor to Pottstown, Pa., Mrs. Baker's home town, for as much of the week-end as Mr. Baker can spare. They expect to leave Washington Saturday morning and return Sunday evening.

This evening Mrs. Baker will sing at a patriotic gathering at Berwyn.

Paul S. Reinsch, American Minister to China, has been in Washington for several days, and for whom the Chinese Minister gave a dinner Tuesday night, will leave for New York today.

Rear Admiral Nathaniel R. Usher, U. S. N., commander of the Third Naval district, will give a theater party for the opening performance of "Everything" at the Hippodrome, New York, next Thursday evening in honor of Capt. Carlos Daireux, of the Argentine battleship Rivadavia, and Capt. Cesar Augusta de Mello, of the Brazilian battleship San Paulo, with the members of their staffs.

Capt. Daireux is well known in Washington, having been for some time naval attaché of the Argentine embassy here. On his recent return from Buenos Aires the Argentine ambassador, Dr. Romulo S. Naon, made the trip aboard the Rivadavia.

Mrs. Hugh Wallace has returned to Washington from Newport, where she was the guest for a few days of Mrs. Pembroke Jones. Mr. Wallace, who was with her in Newport, stopped off in New York, and has started there for Seattle on government business.

Senator Allee Pomeroy returned to Washington yesterday from his home at Canton, Ohio.

The marriage of Miss Marguerite Pittenger, daughter of Mr. E. A. Pittenger, of New York and Florida, and Mr. Grover McCormick, of Memphis, a member of the State Senate of Tennessee, took place last night at the residence of Representative and Mrs. Frank Clark. The bride was unattended, and Senator Kenneth McKellar, of Tennessee, acted as best man.

The ceremony, which took place in the presence of only a small company of intimate friends, was followed by an informal reception, after which Mr. and Mrs. McCormick started on a short wedding trip, which will include a few days at Atlantic City. The bride, who is a graduate of Belmont Seminary, has many friends in Washington.

Lieut. and Mrs. Emory Winship, of San Francisco, who are occupying Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Robb's attractive home at Edgemoor, Md., have leased for next winter the residence, 1704 Eighteenth street. The house, which belongs to Mrs. Parsons, has been occupied for the last two winters by Mr. and Mrs. Paul M. Warburg.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Glasgow, Jr., returned to Washington yesterday from a short visit at White Sulphur Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harryman Rapley left by motor yesterday for

Spring Lake. After a week at the seaside, Mr. and Mrs. Rapley will make a tour of the Adirondacks and New England resorts.

Having closed her apartment in the Farragut early in the season, Mrs. Margaret Monteiro Berry is spending the summer at her country estate, Overton, in Bradley Hills, Md., where her nephews, Mr. Cartwright Carmichael and his younger brother, of Durham, N. C., are her guests.

Mr. William Donald Carmichael, Jr., aide of Durham, paid Mrs. Berry a visit while en route to join the Aviation Corps on Long Island.

Mrs. Frank Lord, who has been taking an automobile trip through New England with Mr. Lord, is now at Blue Ridge Summit, Pa. Miss Isabel Noyes will join her there next week.

Mrs. James McDonald, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bunall Hoffman at Southampton, L. I., is now the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Gardner at Maldstone Hall, their place at East Hampton, L. I.

Mrs. Gail S. Buchanan, of San Francisco, has just returned from New York, where she was in conference with the War Work Council of the Y.

W. C. A. Mrs. Buchanan's husband is a captain in the aviation service and is now in France.

CANNING WITH HONEY.

The sugar shortage in the canning of fruits seems discouraging at times. However the true blue American always finds a way to preserve food. One of our readers last summer had plenty of fruit but no sugar. She experimented by using honey instead of sugar and was most successful. Let more of us profit by this valuable experience.

Honey is said to act as a preservative so that its use in canning fruits should be advantageous.

The extracted honey (strained) is the most economical to purchase. That of lighter color has a milder flavor.

Honey syrups can be made as directed regarding sugar syrups. In using honey as a sweetening agent, dilute it with cold water in the proportion of one-half honey and one-half cold water. For very juicy fruits use one and one-fourth cups of honey to each cupful of cold water or fruit juice.

Here is a dish that has as much building material as one and a quarter pounds of solid meat and it tastes fine. Boil two cups of rice. Mix it with two cups of tomatoes, half a pound of grated cheese and one tablespoon of salt. Pour it into a baking dish and bake half an hour. Onions may be used as a flavoring or if desired some peppers or celery can be cut up and boiled with the rice.

No one will deny that humor is the most valuable of life's assets. It is many things over which we must either laugh or cry, and it is so much better for us individually, and so much better for the world, when we come in contact, for us to guffaw instead of howl.

Humor is the oil upon the troubled waters of domesticity. So far as the happiness of a household is concerned, it is better for the husband to be able to make jokes when things go amiss than it is for him to be able to make millions while retaining a husband's affections and keeping him strong in the belief that he has married the Right One.

Lucky is the man who, when he stumbles off of the straight and narrow path for an inch or two, once in a blue moon, has a wife who relieves him good naturedly about being a rounder, and applies ice cloths to his aching brow, instead of one who sees nothing grotesque or amusing in a staid old plow horse kicking up his heels occasionally and trying to jump the pasture bars.

Lucky is the wife possessing a husband who finds her arithmetic a perpetual source of amusement, and who laughs at her not being able to make her allowance home, instead of reading the riot act to her.

Lucky the children whose parents laugh instead of spank, and who find it funny when Johnnie shaves the cat with papa's safety razor, and when Mary is discovered trailing in her heels after her mother's heels, instead of playing lady, instead of having a father and mother who consider these youthful peccadilloes evidence of the truth of the doctrine of the total depravity of infants.

Undoubtedly the ability to turn the Home Page into a Comic Supplement does much to make the family circle a pleasant place in which to live, but a sense of fun is like a good many other things in the world. It is desirable only in the right place and time and with the correct application.

And the most pestiferous pest on earth is the family humorist who harpens his wits on the peculiarities and weaknesses of those of his own household, and makes their foibles and mistakes a peg on which to hang his cruel jokes.

He is the man who makes a Roman holiday by holding his wife up to ridicule. All of his choicest hatch of humorous anecdotes center around some silly blunder his wife

Confessions of a Wife

LOVE IS NOT IN EPIGRAMS.

"Marriage," continued Donna, "is more monotonous than monotonous itself."

"Marriage is more exciting than any excitement the imagination can conceive."

"Marriage makes the tasks of Hercules look like play."

"Marriage is the most interesting of any vocation."

"Marriage is the most boring of human states."

"Marriage is ecstatic bliss."

"Marriage is daily, yes hourly, bliss."

"Marriage in short is all the world can give to mortals and they can make it what they choose."

"Hear! hear! The two most charming widows in town discussing marriage," murmured Barclay Sill.

"Why do you talk about it, my dears? Why don't you live it?" he inquired with that little playful, fully sarcastic tone that Dick so often used which always makes me want to put my hand on his shoulder.

"Marriage is not an immortal state," suggested Donna quickly, and you must remember, Barclay, that the very name of widow implies that we have lived it."

"Love is immortal," I quoted softly.

"Perhaps," said Barclay Sill, "but it says nothing in my curriculum about the object of love being immortal. In my philosophy love is not only immortal, but omnipresent and already to be transferred very quickly from one beloved object to another."

"You are a splendid one to elucidate such theories, my dear Barclay," taunted Donna. "Was it not only a year ago that one evening you told me that the reason you had never married was because you

had loved a beautiful girl when you were young and that she had died and you never could love again?"

"Where are the lovers of yesterday?" quoted Barclay Sill smilingly.

"Gone with the snows," promptly answered Donna, "which means," she continued, "that after all we do not know anything about it."

"Leave it to me, love goes on," said I, "and I am going to accept or refuse Barclay Sill when he proposes."

I felt like a girl with the knowledge that her first declaration of love was coming to her. Truly, little book, I was not sure, and I am not sure yet whether I am going to accept or refuse Barclay Sill when he proposes.

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ture a child by teasing it for amusement, passes the comprehension of any sane thought, but it is a common enough sport in the family circle.

Father will hold little Johnnie up for the diversion of his friends with no pity for little Johnnie's sufferings. Mother will make her friends laugh by telling the secret that Mary whispered to her of what little Tommie Perkins said to her as they came home from the school entertainment, without any pity for the torture she put upon Mary through her teasing.

Humorous parents never dream that their ill-advised jokes shut the door of their children's confidence against them.

The family humorist is also strong on personal defects. Strangers have the decency not to mention our afflictions to us, but in the family circle we feel that we are absolved from consideration. It is one's own near relatives that dub the lame boy "Limpy," and call the dull one "Stuffy," and who brand the girl with the thin locks "Red Top," and the thin one "Bones," and the stout one "Fatty."

It doesn't take much wit to be funny at the expense of other people's defects, or their misfortune. It is easy enough to get a laugh at the expense of the poor cripple dragging his scrawny figure along with a protesting groan, or at the poor, meek, timid little man benched within an inch of his life by his shrew wife, or at the big, fat, blousy, staid girl who looks like a performing elephant when she tries to imitate the tricks by which cute little kittens tricks ensnare the affections and get the attentions of men.

The family humorist finds an inexhaustible source of fun in other people's ambitions. It is to laugh at him to hear of a boy's aspirations to rise to a high place, or a girl's dream of being something more than a domestic drudge, that Cora and I have laughed Spain's chivalry away.

Certainly many parents have laughed their children's fame and fortune away, because you can destroy energy and ambition by ridiculing by ridicule that in any other way.

And the family humorist breaks up matches by pointing out defects in a youth or a maiden that can be caricatured until they take away every vestige of romance and put out the flame of fancy that might have grown into great passion. For we cannot laugh at those at whom we love, and who have been made ridiculous in our eyes.

Thus does the family humorist become a pest and one that should be suppressed, for a family humorist in the family circle, we want only those who laugh with us. Never those who laugh at us.

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(To Be Continued.)

The Family Humorist.

By DOROTHY DIX

THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PAID WOMAN WRITER.

No one will deny that humor is the most valuable of life's assets. It is many things over which we must either laugh or cry, and it is so much better for us individually, and so much better for the world, when we come in contact, for us to guffaw instead of howl.

Humor is the oil upon the troubled waters of domesticity. So far as the happiness of a household is concerned, it is better for the husband to be able to make jokes when things go amiss than it is for him to be able to make millions while retaining a husband's affections and keeping him strong in the belief that he has married the Right One.

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He is the man who makes a Roman holiday by holding his wife up to ridicule. All of his choicest hatch of humorous anecdotes center around some silly blunder his wife

has made, or some weakness that she possesses. Mostly they have to do with her not knowing which is the business end of a check, and of thinking that she has money in the bank as long as she has blank checks in her book. Or they deal with her efforts to economize by selling a seventy-five dollar suit of clothes for seventy-five cents to the garbage man; or the panic she got into when she thought the baby was lost, only to find upon investigation that they have taken away every vestige of her toilet, her age, or the fact that she is named Matilda instead of Maude.

We all know men whose whole stock-in-trade of merry jests are jokes of which their wives are the butt. We have all sat at dinner tables and pretended to be amused and simply ached to throttle the man who was willing to make their wives figures of fun to get a laugh, while the poor women listened with quivering lips and tear-filled eyes, trying to be sports and to look as if they were enjoying being lampooned and guffawed at.

Another pleasing trick of the family humorist is to flay his victim alive with the lashes of ridicule, which hurt worse than the whip of scorn. He establishes his wife as a slow of body and slow of mind. He is never weary of taunting her with her heaviness and dullness. Perhaps his wife may be a foolish woman with fuddled judgment. He establishes her with references to her Solomon like wisdom and perspicacity. Perhaps his wife is an over-anxious mother. He makes even that sacred passion a thing to laugh and sneer at.

Wife baiting can go no further than this, for there is nothing that hurts like ridicule, nothing that we so fear and dread; nothing against which we are so helpless to defend ourselves. The wife whose husband makes fun of her personal peculiarities, and grows sarcastic over her mistakes, envies the woman whose husband merely berates her up when he grows peevish with her.

Another place where the family humorist simply scintillates is in teasing children. He delights in mimicking little Bobbie's pronunciation until little Bobbie grows perfectly insane with baffled rage. He thinks it is exquisitely funny to reduce little Mary to tears, by pretending to steal her doll.

And he tells the things that little Willie has told him in the deepest confidence right before little Willie, and the grown-up scream with laughter and little Willie dies a thousand deaths of agony as his sensitive little soul shrivels up within him.

How any human being can be callous enough to try to be funny at the expense of a helpless little child, how anybody can be brutal enough to tor-

ture a child by teasing it for amusement, passes the comprehension of any sane thought, but it is a common enough sport in the family circle.

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SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Corn à la Southern.—To 2 cupfuls fresh grated corn add 2 eggs slightly beaten, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1-8 teaspoonful pepper, 1-4 tablespoonful melted butter or butter substitute and 1 cupful hot milk. Pour into a baking dish and bake in a slow oven until firm.

Corn Fritters.—Two cupfuls fresh grated corn, 1 cupful jam, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 2 teaspoonful salt, 1-4 teaspoonful paprika and 2 eggs. Chop corn, drain and add dry ingredients mixed and sifted; then add yolks of eggs beaten until thick, and fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Drop by spoonfuls in smoking hot fat. Drain on brown paper and serve.

To Skin Tomatoes.—Dip the tomatoes one at a time into boiling water to cover for just a second or two. Then dip them into cold water. Remove the skins. Be careful not to allow tomatoes to be in boiling water too long or they will become soft.

Pickled Huckleberries.—Two boxes huckleberries, 1 cupful vinegar, 1 lb. extracted honey, 1 cupful salt, 1 cupful vinegar and 1 cupful salt. Wash and drain berries and blanch in boiling water one minute. To berries put berries into a cheese cloth bag and dip into the boiling water. Then dip them into cold water and out at once. Pack into hot sterilized jars. Fill with boiling syrup, adjust the scalded lids and top, partially seal and sterilize in boiling water fifteen minutes. Seal and test for leaks.

Blackberries in Honey.—One cupful cold water, 1 cupful extracted honey. Make a syrup from water and the honey and bring to boiling point. Wash and drain berries and add syrup. Allow these to simmer one minute. Then fill hot sterilized jars with berries. Add remaining honey to boiling syrup and boil five minutes. Then pour over the berries to fill jars. Adjust rubbers and covers, partially seal, and sterilize under boiling water twelve minutes. Seal and test for leaks.

HOROSCOPE.

Friday, August 16, 1918.

According to astrology this is a fairly fortunate day, for Neptune and Jupiter rule strongly for good, while Venus and Mars are slightly adverse.

It is a lucky day for large business deals. Jupiter is in a place that seems to preface success in all contracts that affect the navy or shipbuilding.

Bankers should benefit during this rule of the stars, which apparently promises extraordinary activities and enterprises.

Questions demanding the services of lawyers and judges are likely to come much to the fore in the next few weeks.

It is not a favorably day for romance. Love affairs come under an

unfavorable aspect.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double-strength—guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double-strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee under the name of Freckles.

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Woodward & Lothrop

Closed All Day Saturday.
New York—WASHINGTON—Paris

Remnant Day Offerings

Friday Special in Women's White Chamoisette Gloves.
Women's Two-clasp White Chamoisette Gloves, with self-stitching; sizes 5½ to 7½.
Specially Priced, 65c Pr.
Main floor—Center.

Men's Department.
54 men's Ribbed Lisle Gauze Weight Athletic Shirts, slightly imperfect; sizes 34, 36 and 40. 25c each. Were 65c.
27 men's Checked Nainsook Sleeveless Athletic Union Suits, ribbed inside across back; size 10 only. \$1.00 suit. Regularly \$1.50.
15 dozen men's Wash Four-in-Hand Ties, white grounds, with embroidered figures and woven crests; sizes 3, 4 and 5. 25c each. Were 50c.
15 dozen men's Plain Black Seamless Silk Socks, double heel, sole, toes and heels; sizes 9½ to 11. 50c pair. Were 75c.
Main floor—F.M.

Friday Special in Women's Jersey Ribbed Lisle Thread Combinations.
50 dozen Women's Jersey Ribbed Lisle Thread Combinations; low neck, no sleeves, tight-fitting knee and lace-trimmed umbrella drawers. A quality that would regularly sell much higher.
Special price, 25c each.
20 dozen Women's Swiss Ribbed Vests, low neck, no sleeves, all sizes.
21 each's for \$1.00.
A very special value.
Main floor—G.M.

Friday Special in Women's Suits.
1 Gray Fiber Coat Sweater, with sailor collar and sash; size 10. \$5.75. Was \$6.75.
1 Khaki Fiber Coat Sweater, with sailor collar and sash; size 10. \$5.75. Was \$6.75.
1 Rose Fiber Coat Sweater, with sailor collar and sash; size 12. \$5.75. Was \$6.75.
1 Turquoise Blue Fiber Coat Swe